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Again, a man has four hundred a year, lives single and is rich, or, being a Benedict, is put to his shifts on three thousand per annum, with eleven daughters and two sons. In either case, if he be sapient, let him eschew the English metropolis, (as a residence) and live in Dublin, where he will have value and consideration for his money, and the men set Malthus at most chivalrous defiance. Pray Sir, what would you desire that you cannot have in Dublin? You answer, the Opera, and the House.—We admit and mourn the fact, but thus far, and no farther shalt thou go. In church music—but of that one of us hath said or sung in another place. Once we had a House of our own, and more recently a Cat. Ass. in which to argue by platoons, and when the Great Counsellor repales the Union, we shall again, and fools shall sport and wise men listen, to their hearts content. But even as it is, our courts of law beat the Houses of Parliament all to sticks. It is two to one on the Four Courts.

The Londoners would no more dream of straying into Westminster Hall in search of an hour's diversion, than we of Dublin, should think of seeking amusement at a fancy ball in the Rotunda, where the characters of sweeps and tinkers are done to the life, or instruction at a sitting of the Royal Academy, where the members commonly have nothing to say, and they say it. With us of Dublin, it is very different: instead of the cold, dry, argumentative prosing of the English lawyer, who has a dull matter of fact fashion of speaking always to the point, our ears are regaled with flashes of wit and imagination, and sportive fancy, intermingled with peals of laughter and delight, to enliven and relieve the sober sadness, and the solid sense of legal disquisition. Heavens! how Lord Tenterden would have stared, and frowned, until the cloud burst forth in one overwhelming storm of annihilation on the devoted head of the luckless speaker, had any of the gentlemen of the bar ventured to amuse the court, over which his lordship so efficiently presides, with such an effusion as that listened to, and applauded with so much rapture by lawyers and ladies on a recent occasion, in our court of King's Bench. Seriously we have many a time and oft paid our divided allegiance, in the shape of half-a-crown, for leave to listen to orators "in another place," who have pleased and entertained us infinitely less, than the displays of wit and humour, and we will add of manly reasoning and forensic eloquence, that have greeted our ears, "free gratis for nothin," in our own courts of law. But we intend to visit the Hall, and pay our respects to the more eminent lawyers in detail in our professional sketches, therefore more of this anon. But in developing the resources of interest and occupation to be met with in Dublin, who can forget the five great libraries?—The University—the Dublin Society—the Institution—Marsh's in the Cathedral—and, though last, not least in convenience and utility, the Dublin Library, which shines in the reflected glory of the Star of the West—even the DUBLIN LITERARY GAZETTE, to the local habitation of which it has the happiness to be exactly opposite. The Botanical Gardens of the Dublin Society, and the College, deserve a separate notice, and when sweet spring returns, we shall inhale their balmy and fragrant airs in the fresh sunny mornings, and listen to our friend Litton's perorations, and enlighten

our beloved and sympathising Public with the result of our observations, under the taking title of "Walks to Glasnevin." But the learned Societies abovesaid, which furnish us with these pleasant retreats for mind and body, in the shape of libraries and gardens, likewise offer to every living wight who chooses to sit and listen, regular courses of lectures in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, Mineralogy, and Mining, by competent Professors; with a glorious climax of Astronomical Lectures, by Hamilton, the prodigy. What shall we more say? Are there not two public Museums—as many Academies of Arts—a Zoological Society that is to be—an unrivalled Phoenix Park, to take air and exercise in by day, with access thereto by the Military-Road, and the new Iron Bridge, to which we shall give a special notice one of these days—and a Theatre-Royal to recreate in by night—and an Adelphi, where the Diorama was—and good paintings in private houses, which we shall also notice by-and-by—and Exhibitions, and delicious Concerts, when one wants to get rid of a few shillings, and many yawns, and a general taste for music, and exceedingly pleasant and intellectual society, and the most beautiful environs in the world, to say nothing of the arcade and the bazaar, and the most splendid shops of every description, booksellers included; witness the pre-eminent laudation of Mr. Curry's painted window in last week's newspapers, (and every other aid to facilitate the progress of the march of intellect in the matured as well as infant mind,) meeting one at every step, "thick as the leaves that strow the brooks in Vallambrosa," to make the week pass pleasantly and swiftly; and is there where one can go with more pleasure and profit to church on Sunday? Certainly not where. "Let's aye be thankful," as Sawney says in the play, "let's aye be thankful, for our mercies are mony."

In sadness, Dublin is an exceedingly pleasant city to any one who knows it, and who has good sense enough to be superior to the yearning after London, which possesses some men as a mania. A period of despondency and local stagnation followed, naturally enough, after the legislative union, which deprived the capital of so many of its principal residents, and most powerful attractions, but we have watched its progress with anxiety and interest, and we have no hesitation in stating our belief, that this city has reached and passed its ultimate point of depression, and is now slowly, but surely, rising in the scale.

Leaves from the Note-book of a Peripatetic Philosopher of Westminster.

December 29.—Went out with the intention of spending the evening in the pit of Covent Garden Theatre.—A dense fog, having "an ancient and most fish-like smell" pervaded the atmosphere—the ground very inconvenient for Peripatetics, being soft, slippery, and unclean, like the minds of certain pretenders to philosophy who deny religion. Descried through the haze in Coventry-street, a butcher's cart going at the rate of ten miles an hour, driven by two boys in blue frocks, without hat or cap. Admired the daring of the youths, and the heroic courage with which they risked their own lives, and the philosophic indifference with which they perilled the lives of others.—Meditated on the assistance which one sense gives to another, and doubted whether even looking in the exact direction of the cart, I

should have seen it, but for the horrid din it raised.—Mem. There is a mixture of good and ill in almost every thing; not excepting *macadamization*.

Meditations disturbed by a scream—found that the butcher's cart had run over two women, as they passed down Prince's-street. Butcher's boys stopped by one of the new Police—justified themselves in a very clear and argumentative manner, maintaining that as they had cried "oy," it was the business of the women to have got out of the way, and not their business to pull up, or turn to one side; the crowd were divided on the subject, but the majority appeared to be of opinion that if the lads cried "oy," the two fractured females were much to blame for being hurt.

Meantime, I, having some small smattering of surgical knowledge, stepped down to examine the wounded, of whom one groaned piteously, and the other was insensible. While I busied myself endeavouring to restore suspended animation, a very serious, respectable looking gentleman, in black clothes, came to my assistance, who spoke very pathetically of the case of the unfortunate women, and at the same time, I found both his hands plunged to the very bottom of my breeches pockets, his fingers groping their way through emptiness; for, having a presentiment of such polite attention, I had placed my sovereign, which was all the money I carried about me, in a secret and inscrutable receptacle in my waistcoat.

My friend's urbanity was not increased by this pocket discovery, which I did not think it needful to disturb; his conversation died away in the following manner—"Poor creatures," "God help them" "damn the fellow, not a sixpence, some starved apothecary, fishing for a job." The last words were uttered in the low tone of a soliloquy, and the respectable looking gentleman disappeared.

After an argument ably maintained for some time between two fat persons, with very large thick great coats, as to the point of law respecting their duty, in the event of such a casualty, it was finally decided, that the butcher's boys should go to the watch-house, and the wounded women to the hospital, and I departed, admiring at the perfection of civilization in this favoured part of the world, and the philosophic coolness with which the aid of reason was continually invoked.

When I arrived at Covent-Garden theatre, found an immense crowd at the pit door, with which I got presently mingled; the constable under the Piazzas calling out as usual in a loud voice "take care of pick pockets," "turn your seals into your fobs, going into the house." A young gentleman, whom by his accent I recognized to be a Dublinite, asked a stranger who stood next him, what was the meaning of the shouting, as he had not heard the words distinctly? "Meenin," replied the stranger—"haw—haw—you're a young'un I take, it ha'n't been 'ere before I reckon—haw—haw—I should so like to see you find out the meenin when you found you ha'n't got no watch inside the pit—only way to teach young 'uns."

Who could help admiring the philosophic disregard of ceremony displayed in this reply, and the contempt of that refined hypocrisy called politeness? This man expressed the feelings of his mind with true English bluntness, and that rough sincerity, the excellence of which the young gentleman from Dublin was probably not able to appreciate.

Going in, I lost only one of the skirts of my coat, and would have possibly reached the pit in my monoskirted costume, but that on the steps, as we went up to the pit, a man, who smelt strongly of cheese and onions, requiring a purchase, by which to force himself up the steps, placed his elbow against the stomach of a French lady who was next him, and by this ingenious contrivance, which another man might not have thought of, pressed forward. The lady fainted with the pain, and fell back into my arms; the cheese-iverous man got into the pit, cheered by some of his companions, while I retreated to get cold water to recover the fair foreigner. By the time she had got sufficiently well to be put into a coach, and sent home, the announcement of "Pit full," was stuck up at the door, and I walked home, meditative and skirtless, revolving in my mind, the peculiar nature of the amiableness of the English common people.

THE DRAMA.

In the last week the theatre has been dull, stale, flat, and (what is no doubt far worse in the opinion of the manager) unprofitable. Massaniello has been succeeded by "Love in Wrinkles," a piece of very inferior merit; it seems, as far as we could judge, a poor translation from the French. The music is the composition of an amateur, Mr. Fetis, the author of several clever letters on the English composers, published in the Harmonicon. Our limits will not permit us to go into minute criticism on either the piece, or its performance; in fact, though Braham and Fanny Ayton were to sing, the theatre was empty, and we left it, fearing to catch cold.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The forthcoming volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, will contain a very important essay on the History, Literature, and Antiquities of ancient Ireland, by John D'Alton, Esq. Barrister at Law. This essay obtained the Cunningham medal, and the full premium of eighty pounds from the academy.

It will be gratifying to the medical profession to learn that a new volume of Dublin Hospital Reports, is now in course of publication, under the able superintendence of Dr. Graves.

Mr. McGregor is busily engaged upon a third series of Stories from the History of Ireland; comprising the period from the accession of James I. to the Legislative Union in 1801. We believe the series will be completed in two volumes.

The new Greek-English Lexicon, which we announced in our last number, is not by Dr. Hincks, but by his father the Rev. Thos. Dix. Hincks, formerly of the Cork Institution.

A volume of Poems, entitled "Leisure Hours," by James Moore Shelley, is stated to be in the press, and nearly ready for publication.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOME inhabitants of Belfast and the neighbourhood, have lately commenced a Botanic Garden. The ground taken is most eligibly situated, having its entrance from the old Dublin road, and it has been laid out under the direction of Mr. Thomas Drummond, who was assistant botanist to Dr. Richardson, and spent

several months in exploring the Rocky mountains. This society is under the patronage of the Marquis and Marchioness of Donegal, and has lately received a most liberal and valuable present of young trees and shrubs from the nurseries of Collon, the gift of the Lord Viscount Ferrard, as well as several rare plants from Lady Dufferin.

The number of matriculated students in the Belfast institution, during the present session, exceeds two hundred, which is more than in any preceding session. The lectures of Mr. Ferrie, the newly elected professor of moral philosophy, are well attended and much admired.

There has been nothing further decided yet as to the Munster College.

It is proposed to establish a College, on the London University plan, at Bristol. The citizens have come to the resolution "That some public provision and establishment, for literary and scientific education, on an enlarged scale, and at a moderate expense, would be a most valuable acquisition to the City of Bristol and its vicinity."

It is proposed to raise 15,000*l.* in 300 transferable Shares of 50*l.* each, to begin with.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

On reading over again Letters of the Dead.

Oh! heart-poured thoughts! that now have grown
Too sculpture-like in form;
Freezingly beautiful, to us
Who knew the fountain warm:
Who clasped the hand that left you here
When life was in its language dear;
Who lived upon its fondness mute,
Who saw hope's flower, and see its fruit

Oh breathless words! that take
Amid the stillness round
The very voice that earth has lost,
A sweet but startling sound,
From lips that seem again to move
Before us in their laughing love;
As then when yet this sunny earth
To us seemed only made for mirth.

Fond feelings! left behind
Like the delicious breath,
Of a last summer's rose
Faded by wasting death;
Its form, its colour fled away
With earth's stern wanderer decay,
While, rich as life, its lingering scent
Of summer yet is eloquent.

Sad fragrant essence of the soul
Thus severed from the clay!
Twilight of love! whose sun has set
Upon our earthly day,
Yet for a little takes not quite
Away from us its blessed light,
Which upwards through the darkness still
Streams soft, (itself invisible.)

Alas! we know at last
Too vividly, the worth
The shallowness of all that's sweet
That's beautiful on earth:—
Ever like mockery of our tears,
The volume of departed years
Opens its iron page before
Our eyes; and they are young no more.

Yes; we are wiser than we were
We wish no lost one back:—
Plunged deeper in our being's dream
The starless midnight black
Of drowning mystery, leaves the mind,
To faith's calm moonlight half resigned;
And over us your accents come
Like music of the exile's home.

But thanks to truth's pure light severe,
We have not lived in vain,
Since there is left a peaceful health
Upon the awakened brain;
Nor will we think too deeply now,
On how we reached this calm—or how
The change was wrought in us—enough
Life's veil is torn for ever off.

And ye! whose seals in trembling joy
Were broken in the years,
Ere minds that were too high for earth,
Had done with hopes and fears;
Ere grief-bowed heads were laid at last
Too low to heed the unkind world's blast,
We fold you to your rest again,
With one mute kiss—one lingering ken.

Z. Y.

TO OUR READERS.

We this day present our readers with an impression of our paper, every copy of which is stamped. Before entering into the expensive arrangements requisite for undertaking a new paper on a novel plan, we naturally sought an explicit sanction from the Stamp Office, as that was indispensable before we could commence. We certainly expected that the privilege enjoyed by similar Literary papers in London and Edinburgh, would have been conceded to ours, namely, that of publishing a part of our impression unstamped, for town circulation, and the remainder stamped, for transmission by post. This, however, we were assured at the Stamp Office was contrary to law, and to that decision, after every effort, we were finally compelled to submit. So far we were purchasers with notice. But we were distinctly and repeatedly informed, that we might exercise a free choice as to whether we should stamp the whole impression, or publish the whole unstamped. We preferred the latter alternative, on account of the saving of expense to our readers; and to make assurance doubly sure, we solicited the written permission of the Office, to publish our Paper with Advertisements, on an unstamped sheet. We were desired to furnish our request in writing, which we did; and, after the lapse of many days, we were favored with an official letter from the highest officer of Stamps in Ireland, containing the permission in the precise terms in which we had sought it. On this we acted; but when our first publication was taken to the office to be registered, on Saturday last, we were told it was a Newspaper, and that every copy must be stamped. We sent for our letter, as a triumphant refutation of this assertion—but, on producing it, we were informed, that though our publication was in strict conformity to the terms there prescribed, yet as that letter was in contradiction to law, we had been led into an error which was now to be corrected—and, in a word, that we must either stamp or stop.—The latter was impossible, as we were already under obligations to the Public, which it was our duty to fulfil; and property to a large amount was embarked in the undertaking. We have, therefore, chosen the other horn of the dilemma—and shall, in future, publish every copy stamped. This is an addition of twopence to the cost price of the Paper, which, under the painful circumstances of having this unexpected change thus forced upon us, we shall divide with the Public, and add only a single penny to our price, depending solely on a very extended circulation for repayment of our heavy expense.

The Paper can now, of course, be transmitted through the Post-Office by any one, like an ordinary Newspaper.

It is but justice to the Officers of Stamps to add, that in our personal intercourse with them, we were uniformly treated with the utmost courtesy and attention. They at once admitted and bewailed that we had been grievously misled; but having satisfied themselves of the law, they could not swerve from its enactments.